

The Black and Gold

WINSTON-SALEM CITY
HIGH SCHOOL



APRIL, 1918

We Specialize on Clothes For Men and Young Men

And know just what young men want and should wear for every occasion. We always recommend

"Adler-Rochester" Suits For Spring and Summer

As we are always positive of the durability and style—and yet the price is as moderate as any good clothes can be sold for.

Shirts

We want every man and young man to see our large stock of Silk, Crepe and Madras Shirts—the finest assortment that we have ever collected. Stylish and correct colors.

Underwear

All the good kinds you see advertised in the magazines in every weight. Two-piece or union suits—cotton or wool—we can fit you.

Neckwear, Hosiery, Etc.

And don't forget your soldier friend—we know what he would like and what he can use.



Mock - Bagby - Stockton Co.

1, 3

There are certain momentous occasions in every young man's life when he wants to feel particularly at ease in his clothes. For instance, when he graduates, proposes or on his wedding day.

Society Brand Clothes

Create this well groomed assurance

Then why not wear them on any and all occasions, if you care to be well dressed?

It Pays to Follow the Arrow



MAKE YOUR OWN WINDOW SCREENS

“Custom” Knock Down Window Screen Frames are easily put together. No experience or technical knowledge required to assemble them. Fit all sizes of windows perfectly—last for years.

MADE OF WHITE PINE

Thousands of Window Screens are made each season—save money—by using these frames.

SIZES

No. M3636-----Size 36x36	No. M4242-----Size 42x42
No. M3642-----Size 36x42	No. M4848-----Size 48x48
No. M3648-----Size 36x48	No. M3684-----Size 36x84

AT ONE-THIRD THE COST OF “MADE- TO-ORDER” SCREENS

Cut from seasoned white pine or basswood with slide sticks to fasten to window casings—also mouldings for covering edge of wire. Nail holes all drilled. All you need is a hammer and saw. Look good—last long. Made in six widths and lengths.

If you prefer adjustable screens, be sure and get Sherwood All Metal Screens.

BROWN-ROGERS CO.

Liberty Street

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Contents

	<i>Page</i>
The Gain (Sonnet)-----	2
<i>Lois Carter</i>	
Love's Old Sweet Song-----	3
<i>Annie Mary Cantrell</i>	
Left With the Baby-----	4
<i>Carl Sink</i>	
Nothing More (Verse)-----	6
<i>Harry Anderson</i>	
Aunt Betty's Romance-----	6
<i>Elizabeth Hendren and Miriam Vaughn</i>	
To Samuel Johnson (Sonnet)-----	9
<i>Mary Holland</i>	
Sketches from Our English Note Book:	
Grandma's Love Affair— <i>Ava Carter</i> -----	9
A Page from My Diary— <i>Asbury Vaughn</i> -----	10
Fooling the Yankees— <i>Leah Willis</i> -----	12
Johnson Suddenly Appears— <i>Carl Sink</i> -----	13
Rebekah, the Daughter of Abimael, Speaks— <i>Mary Holland</i>	14
A Sailor's Log— <i>Robert Jewett</i> -----	15
Editorials -----	17
Of Interest to Our School-----	19
Honor Roll -----	21
Just for Fun -----	22
Exchanges -----	29
Athletics -----	30

The Gain

(After Wordsworth)

Oh God, we know not which way we must look
For peace, being as we are opprest
To think that now the world we thought so blest
With all the joys of life, joys which we took
For granted—which made life smooth as a brook
In the open sunshine—our world is in unrest.
Because of greed we could not stand the test.
For, little thought of higher things we took.

Bring us from out this crucible of pain,
These purifying flames of grief and woe,
As fine gold clarified and made clean,
With baser metals burned away. Our gain
Will be to know the best things as they are.
Then, Lord, our loss shall not have been in vain.

Lois Carter, '18

The Black and Gold

Published Quarterly by the Upper Classes of the
Winston-Salem City High School

VOL. VIII

APRIL, 1918

No. 3

Lone's Old Sweet Song



HE day was almost over and the twilight was falling on God's wide world. Weary in body and spirit, I was sitting before the wide open fire in my library upon which the shadows were falling fast, when all at once the soft whisper of a violin fell upon my ear, a sweet, clear sound, yet soft as angel footsteps.

"Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall" (it breathed).

My eyes rested upon the fire. The flames fluttered, then fell. Then in the soft glow there came to me a vision, a fair young girl with hands clasped as in joy, and dark eyes laughing into mine. Yes, it was Sylvia, *my* Sylvia!

As I gazed a scene came before me,—the old rose garden, the girl—and I. The moon looked upon us, and I kissed her lips.

"Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song"
(sang the violin),
"And in the dusk where fell the twilight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream".

I saw a church, the moon shining down upon it, the open door, and a vision in purest white. I heard, it seemed, a soft "I will." I felt her lips on mine.

Quickly the picture faded. A cottage covered with vines appeared. A dainty fire-lit room was there. A man entered—was it I? A woman—the girl grown older—came, a laughing baby girl in her arms. The man seemed weary—his work had been hard.

"Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight
Comes love's old sweet song."

Slowly the scene faded, as if loath to depart, and another picture—oh, how different—came in its place. A man was kneeling beside a grave. Near it was another grave—a wee small one. A

white cross bore the words, "Thy will be done." And yet—and yet. Oh, the heart is so weary and sad.

"Even today we hear love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells forever more."

The picture changed. A radiant glow was about. I saw angels, yes—and a form as of the loving Father.

"Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,"
(sobbed the music. Ah! how true.)

"Still we can hear it at the close of day;
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,
Love will be found the sweetest song of all."

The music died into silence and I was left alone with my thoughts, in the great, dark, lonely house.

Annie Mary Cantrell, '18

Left With the Baby



BARGAIN sale, with its never-failing attraction to the feminine mind, called all the feminine population of the house to its scene of activity, and I was left alone with a bouncing two-year-old boy. And, if you will believe me, we had a bouncing time. I looked forward to a long session with a favorite book, and accordingly I placed the Baby on the bed with a pile of toys, and lost no time in following the adventures of one "Humphrey Van Weyden" in Jack London's "Sea Wolf".

The end of a chapter gave me a chance to look up, and my heart stopped stiller at the sight that met my eyes than ever the hero's did when witnessing the brutality of "'Wolf' Larson". Baby was hanging over the edge of the bed, perfectly balanced at the time, but the part over the floor—his head—was slowly overbalancing the part on the bed. My heart took a chance at my throat, and made it, and I sat numbed by the approaching calamity, my muscles refusing to do the dictates of my mind. In the second (it seemed two or three million years) I saw distinctively a picture of the mangled form of Baby lying still upon the floor. I shuddered involuntarily—and the shudder broke the spell.

As I dashed forward it happened! I stopped half-way and listened for the crack that would mean a poor fractured skull. And then the miracle happened. There may be a law of physics that would explain the astounding fact, but if you will believe me, it

was just pure *luck*. Now, if it had been me—but I'm getting off the track.

The Baby, in mid-air, turned the most perfect of somersaults—and landed in an upright position on the floor! His legs gave away and he sat heavily upon the spot his head, by all that is natural, should have occupied.

His injuries were slight, but evidently his dignity was wounded. He sat there, seemingly in doubt whether to laugh or cry, his mouth quirked up at the corners, but his puzzled eyes filling with tears. And then it started.

Shaky and quavering it started, and progressed upward until the full force of two perfect lungs was sending up a cry of wounded dignity that would have put to shame the shrieks of a wounded wildcat.

But I was happy. Logically, if he could cry he was not hurt so bad, and I cuddled him lovingly. But, evidently, he misconstrued my friendliness, for he yelled louder and more piercingly, and his face turned from a red to a purple in a very brief time.

His toys, my knife, even my watch, could not pacify him, and I began to get scared. Into the dining-room we went, but he was not hungry, nor was he thirsty. The chickens did not appeal to him, nor did Shep, who licked his face endearingly while I hunted up the cat. The cat had no charm for him, despite her long tail; and the cold sweat turned to a stream on my face.

And then I got mad.

Returning to the sitting-room, I sat down and turned the Baby over my knee. My hand fell with what he undoubtedly thought cruel regularity. After it was over even I thought it was unnecessarily cruel, but the Baby evidently decided he wanted no more of it, for he gave one last piercing yell, and then turned over, and, looking up at me, said cooingly,

"Is 'oo mad, Tarl?"

Well! I'll let it go at that.

Carl Sink, '18



Nothing More

(After Poe)

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I watched weak and weary,
Upon the deck of a transport
 Making twenty knots or more,
All at once I heard a clatter
And my teeth began to chatter
 As it changed into a roar.
"Lower the lifeboats!" came the order
Followed by a fierce disorder
 Of the men upon the boat.

"What is this?" I cried in terror,
"Surely there must be some error,
Causing all this strange confusion,
Why is all this great commotion,
Where did they get this foolish notion
 To run and jump in wild delusion?"
Then the captain said to me,
"Why startle at so small a roar?"
You must not so ignorant be,
 That was a 'sub', and nothing more."

Harry Anderson, '18

Aunt Betty's Romance



"NOW, Polly Linda," said Grandmother Shaw, "be sure to mind your manners."
"Yes, ma'am," replied Polly Linda, and quaintly dropping a courtesy she started down the path that led to the big road. Polly Linda was very happy, for she was going to spend the day with Serena, her best friend, who lived with her Aunt Betty Mason in the Colonial home of the Masons. As she walked along the road thinking of the good times she was going to have, she heard a cheery voice behind her.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

Looking around she saw her old friend Dr. Bob, driving Black Knight.

"I'm not going a-milking, sir," she answered merrily. "But I'm going to spend the day with Serena."

"Well, hop in, little girl. Black Knight can get you there quicker than your little feet."

As Polly Linda and Dr. Bob were the best of friends the little girl "hopped in" and all too soon was at Serena's gate.

As Polly Linda jumped out both she and Dr. Bob caught a glimpse of a blue gingham dress going around the corner.

Serena flew down the path just as Dr. Bob drove away. Very excited, she threw her arms around Polly Linda.

"Oh, Polly Linda," she cried, "Aunt Betty said we could have a tea party and play 'dress up' with the clothes in the attic."

Miss Betty met them at the door, looking very pretty and young in a blue gingham dress, with her cheeks rosy as if from running.

"You children may go up into the attic," she said, "and play 'dress up' with some of the gowns in the trunks up there."

"Oh, thank you," cried the little girls, and soon they were having a fine time playing "lady."

"Oh, look at this old trunk," cried Polly Linda, catching sight of a small dust-covered trunk.

"I know whose that is," gleefully cried Serena. "It's my Aunt Mary's, who was married a long time ago and went off to New York to live."

They pulled the trunk out, and opening it scattered its contents on the floor.

"Oh! oh!" cried Polly Linda, snatching up a Spanish dancing dress, "I bid to wear this."

As she spread it out for Serena's inspection an envelope fell out of the small handkerchief pocket in the skirt.

By the light of the window the little girls found the letter was addressed in a dashing hand to Miss Betty.

Searching for Miss Betty they found her in the flower-garden, her trowel in her hand, sitting on a bench with a far-away look in her eyes.

She looked dazed for a moment, then snatching the letter from Serena's hand, opened it.

Miss Betty turned red, then pale, and in a low voice told the children to go back to their play.

Left alone, she again read the note slowly, then half aloud, with a catch in her voice, she said: "After all these years, after all these years———."

But here Polly Linda came running out to tell her good-bye, as it was time for her to go home.

The child had gone only a little way when she met Dr. Bob,

who said in his cheery way, "Jump in, Grandma Shaw will be looking for her little girl."

Seated in the old buggy, Polly Linda began talking so fast, Dr. Bob said, with a laugh, "Wait a minute. You will have to talk slower, for I must admit I can't keep up with you."

With a happy sigh, Polly Linda began again. "Oh, Dr. Bob, I had the best time today. Serena and I had a tea-party in the attic. We found so many pretty dresses, but the prettiest was a red silk with black spangles, that came out of Miss Mary's trunk. And the funniest thing happened, 'cause a letter fell out of a tiny pocket in the skirt. It was yellow and sealed and addressed to Miss Betty, and when she opened it she looked so funny and said——"

Leaning forward Dr. Bob caught her hand. "Did you say the seal was not broken?" he asked.

"Yes," nodded Polly Linda.

Quickly driving Polly Linda home, Dr. Bob turned his horse homeward. As he passed Miss Betty's gate he caught a glimpse of a blue gingham dress in the flower-garden. He was in the garden before Miss Betty, who was sitting quite still, had time to flee with the open letter.

"Betty! Polly Linda has told me all, and don't you think we have been apart long enough?"

Miss Betty looked up into his eyes and he seemed to get a consent from this, for he went on, "Dear, don't you think we have been waiting long enough on account of an undelivered note?"

Miss Betty questioned him with her eyes to explain, so he said, "Do you remember the masquerade the night before Maria's wedding?"

She nodded, so he continued, "We had been angry for several days, and knowing I couldn't see you at the party I wrote this note. Seeing Maria on the porch, I ran up and gave it to her. I remember seeing her slip it in the pocket of her costume and there it must have stayed all these years. Luckily for us, Polly Linda and Serena had a tea-party in the attic."

Miss Betty said in a happy voice, "Mary always was careless and this time it was nearly fatal to our happiness."

Dr. Bob's only answer was a kiss.

* * * * *

Polly Linda and Serena looked very sweet and pretty as flower-girls, one dressed in blue, the other in pink.

Elizabeth Hendren, '18
Miriam Vaughn, 18

To Samuel Johnson

O, Johnson, noble man, I think of you
As one who triumphed o'er adversity,
Conquered pain, turned defeat to victory,
Through all things, to your friends you were true.
Oh, Johnson, of men there are very few,
Whose heart is the home of real charity.
But you in your want and your poverty
Did to others as we are told to do.

What you gained at last of fortune and fame
And the honor men pay to your great name,
You justly earned by the sweat of your brow.
May others follow where your footsteps lead—
For, of such as you, the world has great need,
You were a *man*, and *men* are wanted now.

Mary Holland, '18

Sketches From Our English Notebook

GRANDMA'S LOVE AFFAIR



H! mercy me alive! I wish old Robert Burns had *never* been born!" sighed little Adeline. "Miss Hanes said for all of us to be able to tell something interesting about him tomorrow and these old books don't say anything but: Robert Burns was born 1759, etc., etc., died 1796, etc. Now, what's interesting about that?"

"Why, dear! you shouldn't give up so easily," replied grandma, looking over her spectacles. "Now, who did you say? Shakespeare?"

"Oh! no, grandma! Robert Burns!"

"Why, Adeline, dear, I went to school with *him*!"

"Grandma, dear, you certainly must not have understood. I said *Robert Burns*, the great poet of Scotland," replied Adeline, somewhat pettishly.

"Dearie, don't you remember me telling you of going to school to a Mr. Murdock when we lived in Scotland. Well, Robert Burns went to the same school. I thought he was the finest boy in the world and—well, I believe he thought the same thing about *me*, then. We were sweethearts, you know."

"Grandma, do tell me something about him, *right quick*!"

"Mercy me, honey-child, if you get me started on Robert Burns I'll never stop, but I *must* tell you what a time I had one day. There wasn't but just a few of us went to Mr. Murdock, two other girls and a boy. One of the girls' names was May McIntosh and *sometimes* Robbie would smile at *her*. It would make me dreadfully jealous and often I have gone off and cried over it.

"Well, one day I was going to school, and through the trees I saw Robbie a little way from the path. I called but he did not hear me, and seeing him so interested in something I determined to find out what it was.

"Slipping noiselessly over to him, what should I see but:

M M
R

—and he was just preparing to carve the B. I shall never forget the feeling of intense jealousy I experienced just then. I cried all the rest of the way to school, and because I was so stupid Mr. Murdock gave me four whippings that day. Every time I'd look at Robbie he'd smile and that made me more furious than ever. Every old note I had from him was given to the stove and I erased his name from every book I had—that's saying a great deal, too.

"Finally, just as it was most time to leave, *May* passed a note to me. Something told me it was from Robbie, and at first I wouldn't read it—but you know the temptation was just too great. Imagine my surprise when I read:

Dearest Mary:

What *can* be the matter with you? I thought you loved me. Just this morning I carved M. M. and R. B. on an old oak. I love you so, please love me.

ROBBIE.

"Well! was I crazy or what? Of course the M. M. was for Mary McGuil!"

"Mary McGuil! Why that was *your* name, grandma!"

"Well! I just guess it was—and—but you know the rest."

Ava Carter, '18

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

1/25—Sentenced to death. Imprisoned for a thing I did not do. Yesterday the guard offered me a chance for my life, but what a chance: I, with five other prisoners, was to with my old college

friend, Dr. Hudson of Harvard, and two young inventors on a trip to Jupiter. It means sure death either way.

1/26—At twelve today we left Albany under heavy guard for Harvard, where we met Dr. Hudson. "Boys," he said, "you are lucky. We will surely get back, and that means your life; and if the trip is a success you will receive \$10,000 for a new start in life." But little hopes we have in spite of his words. Tomorrow we start in a strange craft for a strange world.

1/27—We are afloat in a strange sea of air. I do not know where we are nor do I care. The craft we are in is a long torpedo-like affair, sharp at both ends, with the insides padded and huge compressed tanks from which we are to get our air. We are on our way to freedom or to death. Starting at 11:30 we got inside the ship and were sealed in. We felt a sharp jump and then steady, easy, riding. In about ten minutes a misty mass passed our window. We were going through the clouds. On, on, we traveled until growing weary of seeing nothing, I lost all sense of time and space in a heavy sleep.

1/28—I awoke with a feeling of haziness and dizziness about me. As I glanced at the indicator I saw we were forty thousand miles from the earth and traveling at the rate of a thousand miles a minute. I looked out of the one window of our craft and could see far, far away, bright lights. "They are stars," said Dr. Hudson, "and we are very close to them."

1/29—For two days we have been traveling and are now quite close to some body as our indicator is behaving in a peculiar manner. At twelve it grew suddenly hot and we were hurled into a mass of flames. I fell to the floor in a swoon and when I awoke we were in cool air again and were close to Jupiter.

1/30—We are on Jupiter. It is a strange, strange place; the ground is soft and rough but the rocks have no weight and crumble as we take them in our hands. We landed on the bank of a river, the water of which flowed up-hill. There seemed to be no people, no living-beings at all, except some birds of a species the like of which I had never seen or heard of before.

1/31—When I awoke this morning I felt the ship moving roughly, and looking out of our only window I saw we were being moved on rollers by men of our size but of ferocious looks. I awoke Dr. Hudson and he went out on top of our craft to see if he could get our release. "We demand our release," he cried. The answer came in a mixture of tongues which I could not understand, but the Doctor after some thought could, and he told us that they said that we were being taken to the King and would be released

if he saw fit. The King was a man of unusual height and made the men around him look like children, but evidently they had great respect or fear for him, for they crawled to his throne.

"If you promise never to return to this planet, and will tell the people of your country never to come, we will let you go," was the King's answer to our question.

2/1—We sail at noon for home and freedom! freedom! freedom! How good the name sounds to me!

2/3—Safe at home at last, and how good to be living on this planet, not on old Jupiter!

Asbury Vaughn, '19

FOOLING THE YANKEES

"Marse John! Marse John!" cried an old darkey, running into the yard and up to the door, "dem Yankees done gone and stole one ob yoah bes' hosses! What is yer gwine ter do? The'll git de las' one ob dem 'fore dey stops!"

"That's too bad, Bill," replied great-grandfather, "maybe we can think of some way to keep the pesky rascals from getting any more of them. We'll try, anyway."

It was during the Civil War. "Marse John" was my great-grandfather, and as he was too old to fight he had to remain at home. Just at this time a great many men were running away from the army and trying to get to their homes. They would ride their own horses nearly to death, and then stop at the nearest farmhouse and steal a good, strong horse, leaving in its place the old worn-out one.

"Marse John" tried all that day to think of a plan to keep the run-away soldiers from getting all his horses. At last he thought of a plan.

The next morning Bill came running up to the house. "Marse John!" he shouted, "come down to de stables quick as ye can. Dem Yankees done gone an' stole de las' one ob yoah fine hosses, an' lef' de stable full ob ol' hosses with sore backs!"

"Marse John" went, smiling at the sight of Bill's anger and amazement.

"Why, Bill," he exclaimed, "these are our horses. See the marks."

But it took a great deal of explaining to convince Bill that "Marse John" himself had put the big plasters on the backs of the horses to make the thieves think that all of them had sore backs, and so they would not steal them.

Leah Willis, '19

MR. JOHNSON SUDDENLY APPEARS

Outside, the rain had turned to a slow drizzle; all the trees stood drooping under the myriad raindrops; and the few pedestrians hurried along, yet with a step and carriage that belied their assumed energy. In all, it was one of those days when the world turns drear, and life itself seems unworthy the effort of living.

Inside, it was scarcely better. Faces wore those long, sour expressions that matched well the day, and several seeming smart sayings that would have been roared at in brighter days, were passed by with a few sickly grins that made the grinners look ghastly.

With my eyes intent on the "Life of Johnson" I listened to the teacher as she left a discussion of Johnson's personal appearance and took up the style of Macaulay's writing, which at the time was perfectly maddening. For my mind had conjured up a picture of Johnson and it positively refused to entertain any other idea—because of the weather, no doubt.

So, sitting dreaming, my mind conceived the most fantastical picture of Johnson that ever that gentleman was accredited with. Just when my mind had reached the zenith of its imagination, the door I was facing creaked slightly, opened,—and Johnson, in the flesh, stood peering directly at me.

Bereft of all power to move or speak, I sat rigid, staring, unable to tear my eyes from the apparition. Hunched over, he was, not as if by inheritance, but as if some terrible disease had racked his body until it had given away under its torture. I remembered dully that inherited disease that had ruined a master's life, and I understood then the cause also of that strained and haunted face. His left eye was all but closed, held only by the will of the man, it seemed, and this defection had most probably caused the corner of the mouth to smirk upward in the most terrifying manner. His teeth, revealed by the smirk, were yellow-stained, and the lips over them of a yellowish-red hue. Above, his large aquiline nose stood out prominently, but slightly askew, following the pull of the outraged nerves of that defective left eye. His ears were prominent, and the left one was slightly too far upon the side of his face; in fact, the whole side of his face seemed striving to reach that eye, even the wrinkles in his broad forehead converging in a point over the ailing member. His hair was long and scraggly, falling about his ears in ragged profusion and brushed back from the forehead with a motion that made it stand upright.

But these details I remembered after the incident rather than noticed at the time. For the eyes of the man held me spellbound under their fierce intensity. Dark eyes they were, so dark that the

light flashed from them as it does from a precious jewel in its natural setting of dark clay. In them was all the insanity of a madman, yet they sparkled with the wisdom of the philosophers of old, and beamed with all the intensity of a father's love. Windows to the soul of the man they were, with all the conflicting emotions of a body racked by disease and poverty, and a heart racked by the callousness of the world.

All this I noticed, and then, to my horror, the spectre came toward me, walking with a slow, methodic tread; yet, unlike a spectre, it recognized physical objects in the nature of desks, and walked the length of the room, his eyes still intent on me.

My head turned involuntarily as he moved, my eyes seemingly bursting with the strain, yet I could do nothing but stare, for he held my eyes in such a fascination as does the snake its victim. But when he had rounded the corner opposite and behind me, I had to move my body, and when I did, I returned from my short visitation into the land of imagination, and slid down into my desk as far as possible. For the creature of my imagination, my terrible Johnson, resolved itself into—well, the only person who is privileged to roam the building at will, and to enter a room without the formality of knocking.

Carl Sink, '18

REBEKAH, THE DAUGHTER OF ABIMAEI, SPEAKS

In our tent at night my father speaks of many strange things. I have often heard him tell of the flood, and how Father Noah gathered into the Ark which God had told him to build, all of his children, and two of every creature that dwells on the earth, whether walking or creeping or flying thing; and how they dwelt there in safety while the waters covered the earth; and how those who were not taken into the Ark perished, but that was because they had sinned and the world was filled with wrongdoing.

But a stranger thing yet than the flood has happened, that I, Rebekah, daughter of Abimael, the son of Shem, cannot comprehend, for truly the ways of this life are hid in darkness. Now for many a night as I have lain on my couch, have I heard my father tell of the wonderful tower which some of the children of men are building which is to reach even to the stars, so that when it is finished men may climb into the very heavens themselves.

My father goes every day to oversee a company of these work-

men, and he leaves his flocks to the care of my small brother and me, and our faithful serving-man Jobab. At evening he relates to my mother all that has taken place during the day. And she replies: "I like it not, Abimael, I like it not. What God doeth in heaven, He wants not earth-born creatures to see; else He would have placed the heaven upon the earth. You sons of men do not well to strive to behold the secret things of the Almighty." And always my father replies, "Thou speakest truly, Tirzah, daughter of Elam: But if another flood should come, would not the tower be a place of refuge to all of the people?" And so they converse together night after night.

But last night when my brother and I had laid us down to rest, I heard him say to my mother, "Tirzah, daughter of Elam, strange things have come to pass. This day when we were working on the tower, I spoke to one of the men, and lo I said to him, 'Go to, bring mortar!' and to another I said, 'Hasten thou' and they looked upon me as though they comprehended not what I said to them. Then others spoke, and lo, no man could make his fellows understand what he said. Then beheld I a marvelous thing among the children of men, even a confusion of tongues, and noise and tumult. Then cried I, 'These men have drunk new wine and it hath confounded their tongues!' But no man heeded what I said, so I lifted my rod and I scattered those that made brick and those that burned lime, and I drove them away, so that they left off building."

And my mother replied, "Now, God be praised. He hath protected His heaven! Did not the Almighty promise our Father Noah 'Neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth'?"

Therefore am I troubled, and exceedingly perplexed for I cannot comprehend the ways of God. But my father returned this morning unto his flocks, and I am left to play with my brother about the tent door.

Mary Holland, '18

"A SAILOR'S LOG"

Two old fishermen were sitting on the edge of their boat emptying their net of the morning catch. One of them spied an old bottle tangled in the net, and after getting it loose was about to throw it away when he was stopped by his friend.

"Hold on, Joe, it's got a stopper in it. Let's open and see what's in it." He pulled the stopper out and found a paper, yellow with age, rolled up inside. He unfolded the paper and read the following with awe:

May 3, 1770. We have cleared harbour and headed South amid the cheers of our folks. There are prospects of a fine voyage with clear weather and a steady breeze.

May 15. We have been struck by a storm and are flying Southward, like a frightened bird.

May 20. We are sailing through mountains of green ice higher than our masts. The cracking of the ice is deafening.

May 27. We have met a stray Albatross and it is following us. We feed it our food and play with it, for it is very friendly.

May 30. Truly the Albatross is a bird of good luck for it has caused a South wind to spring up out of the calm.

June 3. My uncle must be possessed of the devil. He shot the Albatross with his bow and now the sun is hidden in mist.

June 4. We have changed our opinion of the Albatross for the sun has risen bright and clear and the fresh breeze has brought us into a strange sea.

Date Unknown. May the good Lord bring revenge on the hated man who killed the Albatross. May this man wear forever the body of the bird which we have hung about his neck!

Day after day, day after day, the sun comes up a dazzling ball of fire. And the lifeless sea reflects the heat ten times. We have not moved an inch since the spirit of that fated bird began its work of vengeance.

Our eyes are glazed, our lips are black, our tongues are withered to the roots, our very hearts are going dry! Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink!

"A ship! a ship!" is the sudden cry and looking westward we behold it, coming to bring us aid. But alas! this must be the wild fancy of approaching death, for ere it reaches us it turns and disappears, leaving us in this place God forgot He created.

Man after man dropped down in a lifeless lump, each with a curse in his eyes upon the man who caused it all.

My life is fast forsaking me. I can no longer write. My turn is fast approaching and———.

Robert Jewett, '19

The Black and Gold

Published Quarterly by the Upper Classes of the
Winston-Salem City High School

Subscription Price-----Fifty Cents the Year

EDITORIAL STAFF

LUCILE NICHOLS, '18-----Editor-in-Chief

CARL SINK, '18-----Assistant Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LUCIA WILKINSON, '18

MARY FRANCES SHEPHERD, '18

MIRIAM VAUGHN, '18

ANNIE MARY CANTRELL, '18

RUTH HOUCHINS, '19

NELLY SHARPE, '19

NANCY STOCKTON, '20

ABIGAIL ROAN, '18

RUTH HAUSER, '18

GEORGE TUDOR, '18

MARY HOLLAND, '18

FRANCIS THAMES, '19

ROBERT JEWETT, '19

JOHN FRIES BLAIR, '20

MARION NASH, '18-----Business Manager

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

KOYT NISSEN, '18

ROBERT CRAWFORD, '18

SARA JEFFRIES, '18

ELIZABETH HENDREN, '18

For Advertising Rates, Address the Managers

Entered at the Post Office at Winston-Salem, N. C., as
Second Class Mail Matter

Editorial



WE have very lately begun to practice a custom in the schools which cannot be commended too highly and is one which should have been put into practice years ago: that is, saluting and pledging allegiance to the Flag every morning before the day's work is started. The custom instills love, honor and reverence into the souls of the school children for the Flag, and the school children of today will be the men and women of tomorrow who will control the affairs of our country. We Americans, apparently, do not have the love for our country and its Flag that the people of other countries have for theirs; we seem to be indifferent and cold. This is just seemingly so, however; the truth is: we have not been awakened. We have allowed our young

people to grow up without any special effort being made to teach them what our Flag really means. They have not been taught that it has meant untold sacrifice of blood and wealth to make it supreme among the nations of the world; that men have willingly—yea, gladly—followed it, knowing that it meant death, and have laid down their lives rather than to see the Flag, the symbol of their country's honor, disgraced and trampled in the dust. Our Flag is the heritage left to us by the heroes of the Revolutionary period and we should not slight it nor cast it lightly aside. The custom now started tends toward teaching future citizens to reverence the Flag, to feel that it is:

"The one Flag—the great Flag—the Flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the Red and White and Blue!"

L. N.



HE slogan "W. S. S." should hold a peculiar interest for us of this community. It seems to express a command, a personal one, direct from the heads of our Government and from our boys here and in Europe—*Winston-Salem, Serve!* And we are glad to say that we have heeded the command; at least we have made a fair start toward serving for the boys, and saving for ourselves. But there is something lacking—something that we have made famous everywhere—in our initial attempts to serve in the W. S. S. brigade. That something is Winston-Salem "pep"—enthusiasm, if you wish—the "and some" that put us over the top in the Red Cross campaign, and has always been our mainstay in any feature of our school and community life. It may be that we lightly consider this method of saving our country heavy and enforced war taxes because of its seeming smallness—perhaps we, in our patriotism, feel this almost a contemptible task after our investment in Liberty Bonds, forgetful of that time-proved adage that "monster oaks from little acorns grow." Perhaps this lack results from a number of more trifling causes; it is still a fact that we have not fully awakened to our duty. Winston-Salem, wake up! Serve, by saving. There is a small school down in the eastern part of the State that—hitherto unknown—has leaped into the leadership of the State with a one hundred per cent Society and a "Limit" Club. Winston-Salem has *always* led. Shall we lead in this?

E. C. S.

Of Interest to the School

On Christmas Day Mr. E. R. Jeter sailed for "Somewhere in France". He is now with the Ambulance Corps "doing his best" for his country.

The High School is proud to claim the center of Trinity's Varsity Basketball Team as a former member of its team. Barnette Douglas has made this place, while Bailey Liipfert of '17 holds the same position for Carolina.

Winston High School is well represented among the class presidents of Carolina, Robbins Lowe being president of the Freshman Class and Arthur Spagh of the Sophomore.

Not long ago the school was delighted to see Mr. P. L. Wright, former Math. teacher, among the "throng". He gave the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore Classes a most interesting talk about "a soldier's life".

Three of our last-year Freshmen are studying at Trinity, "Wing" Wix, "Bill" Thomas and Kerr Spencer; while Charlie Hancock is pining away at Bell Buckle.

Mr. Kinney, Mr. Wright's successor, has been very ill but we are delighted to have him back with us again.

Several members of the faculty accepted positions in the Wachovia Bank after Christmas and Miss Briggs, Miss Poindexter, and Miss Boyd are filling their places.

Miss Bertie Follin, a former teacher of our school, supplied as Latin teacher a few weeks until Miss Briggs took the position.

The *Journal* recently offered a prize for the best composition on the most attractive display of bargains in any store on "Dollar Day". It will be of interest to the school to know that Lois Moon of the class of 1920 won the first prize by the splendid write-up on "Kann's Display" which she submitted.

Harvey Fritz, of the '17 class, holds the position of chief clerk with the Southbound Railroad in Jacksonville, Florida. He has recently been promoted to this position and by this promotion he received an office of his own and a considerable increase in salary.

The entire school sympathizes with Miss Briggs in the loss of her father, on March 8th.

Stanley Richardson of the class of 1920 is somewhere in France. His classmates sent him a package Christmas and in reply he wrote:

"I hear Paris is the most delightful spot on earth, even though the people have so many hardships. All of the factories are filled with women, as all the men are at the front, and you can see train-

loads of soldiers with drawn faces, looking out of the windows. Some of them will never walk, talk, hear, or smell again.

"There are also a lot of German prisoners over here. The French make them do all of the work, such as unloading ships and digging ditches and thing like that. Almost all of them can speak English and I was told by one of them the other day that they would lots rather be prisoners than be in the trenches. I was talking to a Marine that had been up to the front, and he said that they captured a machine gun and the Germans were handcuffed so that they could do nothing but load it and pull the trigger, so you see the Kaiser is the only one that is keeping the war going, and as soon as somebody pots him, the war is over."

On Thursday night, March 7th, some of us saw a most remarkable sight, the aurora borealis. This is the second time in the history of our community that these lights have been seen. The lights changed their color many times, first being a delicate pink, then light green, and later changing to a deep red. A huge black cloud was seen near the horizon and above it the changeable lights.

The subject for the Inter-High School debate this year is: "Resolved, that Congress should enact a law providing for compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes." The triangular debates will be held during the latter part of March, and the contest for the State championship and the Aycock Memorial Cup at Chapel Hill in early April. In our school about fourteen boys have entered for the preliminaries, and we hope that our team will win.

On February 21, 1918, the High School organized a War-Savings Society on the following general plan: The school as a unit was organized into one big society, electing R. B. Crawford, of the Eleventh Grade, president, and Miriam Chatham, of the Tenth Grade, secretary. The different classes were sub-organized in the same way. The duty of the class officers is to urge the members of the individual class units to buy "W. S. S." The class societies meet every Monday and the general society meets once during the month, with its purpose the aims of the constitution sent out from Washington. The theme of the meetings will be "Thrift—Make—Save—Serve." The society has up to date, March 4, reported 294 members who have purchased \$1,805.00 worth of War-Savings Stamps.

As our magazine is going to press the whole High School is shocked by the sad news of the death of J. Clifton Eaton, a member of the class of 1915. At the time of his death Clifton was a Junior at the University of North Carolina. During his two and one-half years at Chapel Hill he had made a record of which we were

all justly proud. During his first year he was the only student to make a perfect score on all of his studies. Besides this honor he has won the Debater's Medal, the Sophomore Medal, and the twenty-five dollars offered to the winner of the student-body debate. He was also one of the editors of *The Tar Heel*, a monthly publication of the University. He also made a fine record while in the City High School, winning the Hygiene and Debating Medals, also the Aycock Memorial Cup.

Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved family, especially his brother, Clement.

Honor Roll

This is the Honor Roll of the High School as far as we can gather from our records 1910-1918:

Gordon Ambler -----	Navy	Watt Martin -----	Army
David Crawford -----	Army	Jim Mallard -----	Navy
Gilmer Carter -----	Army	Lorenzo Murphy -----	Navy
John Carter -----	Army	Frank Murphy -----	Navy
William Clinard -----	Army	Jim Norfleet -----	Army
Tom Cushing -----	Marine	Henry Ogburn -----	Navy
Sam Collier -----	Army	Byron Penry -----	Army
Wilson Dalton -----	Army	Humphrey Padgett ---	Marine
Reid Elmore -----	Army	Stanley Richardson ---	Navy
Henry Easley -----	Navy	Clement Sumner -----	Army
Luther Ferrell -----	Army	Fred Trivett -----	Army
Henry Green -----	Army	Glenn Wimbish -----	Army
Ben Gray -----	Army	Paul Walker -----	Army
Gregory Graham -----	Army	Duclos Wolf -----	Army
Wayne Gragg -----	Navy	Harry Whitlow -----	Army
William Hancock -----	Navy	Sam Byerly -----	Army
John Henning -----	Army	Harry Dalton -----	Army
Ham Horton -----	Army	Robert Vaughan -----	Army
Noell Holland -----	Marine	Earl Davis -----	Army
Harden Jewett -----	Army	Van Buren Farrell -----	Army
Jeff King -----	Army	John Mickle -----	Army
Jennings King -----	Army	Hugh Pollard -----	Army
Ira Kennerly -----	Marine	Bassett Taylor -----	Marine
Charles Lewis -----	Army	TEACHERS	
Frank Morris -----	Army	J. W. Moore -----	Army
Raymond Maxwell -----	Army	J. W. Whitescarver ---	Army
Linville Martin -----	Army	E. R. Jeter -----	Army
Hope Miller -----	Army	P. L. Wright -----	Y. M. C. A.

The Story of Two High School Boys—

One saved \$3.00 every week which he put in his trunk at home. At the end of ten years he had \$1,560. The other saved the same amount of money, but put it in a bank which paid 4% interest, compounded quarterly. At the end of ten years he had \$1,913.37. The difference between the two amounts, \$353.37, is the interest the second man's money earned.

Deposit your savings in the Wachovia Bank & Trust Co. and receive 4% interest on your money, this interest being compounded four times a year. *Do it now.*

Wachovia Bank & Trust Co.

CAPITAL



\$1,250,000

TRUE BLUE

Gillette Safety Tires and Tubes will stand every test over the hardest kind of roads and in all weather conditions because they are a little better than ordinary rubber tires.

The reason of this is the

Damascus Chilled Rubber Process

which is a new method of vulcanizing and processing whereby every ounce of fabric is impregnated with a secret compound, which undoubtedly adds resiliency, dependability and excess mileage to the life of **Gillette** Safety Tires and Tubes. This rubber resembles ordinary rubber in somewhat the same way that steel resembles ordinary iron. Try this and be convinced.

E. B. Parks & Company

Factory Distributors

Gillette Rubber Co., of Eau Claire, Wis.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Just For Fun

Mr. W.: "Shelley, do you spell your name S-H-E-L-L-E-Y?"
Shelley: "No, sir, S-H-E double L E-Y."

Irma C. (working a problem): "Am I supposed to have any cents (?) when I finish?"

Mr. Crumpton, in English History: "Willie Kivett, who were the favorites of James I?"

W. K.: "He had many favorites; for instance, Sir Walter Raleigh was his closest friend."

Mr. Crumpton, in Commercial Geography: "What is the difference in the way a pig looks today and the way it looked a hundred years ago?"

Fred Comer: "I don't know, I didn't see them a hundred years ago."

Mr. Edwards: "Go into an empty room and sing a note. The same note will vibrate on the piano in answer."

G. Tudor: "Well, if you were to sing a song, would the piano play it?"

C. H. (naming inventions in History Class): "The invention of the street car—by electricity."

Miss Hunter: "This pop-corn meal I expect will make fine muffins."

Erma M.: "Well, don't you suppose it will jump up and down in the pan like pop-corn?"

TRUE PATRIOTISM.—"Don't you love our song, the 'Star-Spangled Banner'?"

"I do," replied Senator Sorghum.

"Then, why don't you join in the chorus?"

"My friend, the way for me to show real affection for a song is not to try to sing it."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

SCHOOL DAYS

I remember, I remember,
The school to which I went,
Because if I an education gained
They said I must be sent;
I never rose one bit too soon,
But let my breakfast wait;
And often, rushed off to the school
To find my entrance late.

I remember, I remember,
The studies I did take.
My Latin and Geometry—
These two I could not fake;
My English and my History,
These two they were a cinch;
For always on examination
I got through by a pinch.

I remember, I remember,
The teachers large and small;
But it made no difference how I tried—
I got in wrong with all;
For one I skipped my verses,
My definitions I could not write;
But the thing I dreaded worst of all,
Was to be sent to Mr. White.

I remember, I remember,
How he did talk to me,
And once he said he had a mind
To use the hickory tree.
But it made no difference what I did,
I had a lot of fun;
And I was awful sorry
When my course at school was run.

Jule C. Spach, '19

BRIGHT BOSTON PUPIL.—“What is the meaning of ‘alter ego’?” asked the teacher of the beginners’ class in Latin.

“It means the ‘other I,’” responded a pupil.

“Give me a sentence containing the phrase.”

“He winked his alter ego.”—*Boston Transcript*.

Mr. Crumpton: “I will tell you for the last time that we cannot have everybody answering at once.”

Chas. Clinard: “Beg your pardon, but there wasn’t anybody talking when I spoke.”

WHY FRESHMEN COME TO SCHOOL

To back up the Juniors enough to make it interesting for the Seniors and Sophs.

To take the Seniors as their examples in all things, and look up to them with adoring eyes.

To fill up the front seats in the chapel and keep Mr. White’s eyes from the Seniors in the rear.

To support THE BLACK AND GOLD, thus saving the Seniors the trouble and expense of paying their subscriptions.

WHY SOPHOMORES COME TO SCHOOL

To aid and abet the Seniors in any excitements they may start.

To have implicit faith in everything the Seniors tell them to do or say.

To help suppress the Juniors and Freshmen if they become too vigorous.

To learn as much as possible without getting the swelled-head and becoming offensive to the Seniors.

WHY JUNIORS COME TO SCHOOL

To usurp the Seniors’ privilege of coming in at the front door, and thus afford the Seniors the pleasure of punishing the offenders.

To entertain the Seniors on Hallowe’en.

To keep Mr. White’s attention from the Seniors on Chapel mornings.

To treat all Seniors with greatest respect.

To keep the Seniors supplied with cash by buying up their second-hand books.

We will tell you about the Seniors in our next issue.

Mary Holland, '18

"A friend," said Uncle Eben, "is a man dat laughs at yoh funny stories, even if dey ain't so good, an' sympathizes wif yoh misfortunes, even if dey ain't so bad."—*Washington Star*.

Bruce Ellis wants to know if 1-2 isn't greater than 15-16.

I know that chicken farming pays,
For I've had twelve eggs in thirty days;
The bills of course have been immense,
But the eggs, they brought me ninety cents.
Howard Reynolds, '19

NOT SO WIDE OF THE MARK.—"And now, children, we come to that important country, Germany, that is governed by a man called a kaiser," said the teacher. "Can any one tell me what a kaiser is? Yes, Willie!"

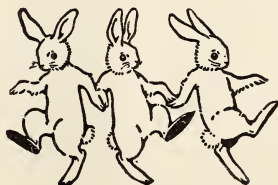
"Please, ma'am, a kaiser is a stream of hot water springin' up in the air and disturbin' the earth."—*Life*.

ALL SCHOOL-CLOCKS DO THAT.—Mother (to Frank)—"How is it that you're late home nearly every afternoon?"

Frank—"Well, no wonder; we've got such a big clock in our school."

Mother—"Why, what has the clock to do with it?"

Frank—" 'Cause it's so big it takes the hands an awful long while to get round it. If we had a clock like papa's little one, I'd get home a great deal quicker."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.



LIMERICKS BY TENTH BOYS

There was a young boy named Jule
Who hated to go to High School;
 One day he was late,
 And such was his fate,
He never again broke a rule.

Ralph Spaugh

There was a young fellow named Glenn
Who by accident sat on a pin,
 And the way he did yell
 Is impossible to tell,
But am sure he'll not do so again.

Rob Marler

There was an old Kaiser named Bill
Who had a very strong will.
 But when the old Hun
 Tried the world to run
He found the job too big to fill.

William Medearis

There once was a boy named Horn
Who was in the field hoeing corn;
 And when the night came,
 He said, "What a shame,
For now 'twill be dark until morn."

Ralph Spaugh

There was a man in Berlin
Whose whiskers were long and thin;
 When the Yanks came over
 He ran for sure cover,
And wished for the war to end.

Bruce Ellis

There was a man in Lenoir
Who had money to spend galore.
 He bought a "tin lizzie",
 And then got busy
To use his money some more.

Fuller Sams

Exchanges

We are pleased to announce the following exchanges since our last issue:

The Roman, Rome, Ga.; Laselle Leaves, Laselle Seminary, Boston, Mass.; The Columbian, Columbia, S. C.; The Critic, Lynchburg, Va.; The Hillbilly, Asheville, N. C.; Davidson College Magazine, N. C.; University of N. C. Magazine, Chapel Hill, N. C.; The Oxonian, Oxford, N. C.; The Hobby Horse, Elizabeth City, N. C.; The Clarion, Belmont, N. C.; The Habit, Salina, Kansas; The Dobra, Newport, Ky.; The Tattler, Ithaca, N. Y.; The Coyote, Phoenix, Arizona; The Shamokin H. S. Review, Shamokin, Pa.; The Sentinel, Leisering, Pa.; E. L. H. S. Oracle, Auburn, Maine; The Sage, Greensboro, N. C.

THE TATTLER, Ithaca High School—The general make-up of this magazine is good. The cover design is attractive and the cuts are unique. The poem, "The Soldier's Gift", is especially fine. The cuts add greatly to the attractiveness of your magazine.

LASELLE LEAVES—In carefully reading the "Laselle Leaves" we find that it is a very interesting magazine. The cuts are appropriate and attractive. The poems are especially striking and, for the most part, patriotic.

THE ROMAN, Rome High School—This issue of "The Roman" measures up to a very high standard. "The Iron Cross" is easily the feature article of the magazine. The poems are very good. Each article shows strong patriotism. Your Athletic Department is fine, but most of your jokes are old.

THE COLUMBIAN—Your stories are quite interesting, especially "A Christmas in France" and "Christmas Among the Big Guns". The cuts are odd and add much to your magazine. It would help, though, to have more original jokes.

SHAMOKIN HIGH SCHOOL REVIEW, Christmas Number—Your cover is very attractive and appropriate. Your stories are good and the poems are quite original and entertaining.

THE DOBRA—Your magazine is well balanced and your art editor is to be congratulated. Could you not put all your jokes in one section?

THE SENTINEL—You certainly cover all phases of school life, but your departments are somewhat mixed. Your Literary Department is well established, but we question the advisability of a serial in a High School periodical.

THE CRITIC—Your magazine is “brimming over” with good material. The poems are very good. However, don’t you think you could choose more appropriate places for your jokes than right after such serious stories as “Christmas 1917”?

GASTONIA HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE—The stories in your magazine are interesting in that they give an insight into conditions during the Civil War. A few poems would greatly improve your magazine.

THE HILLBILLY—A splendid school magazine! The two poems “Somebody’s Son” and “Over There” are well written and worthy of note. Your stories, although rather short, are clever and well-expressed. The spirit of school “pep” speaks well, while your cuts add much to the general appearance of the articles.

THE COYOTE—Your January number is very good. The Science Department is extremely interesting. “The Arizona Goat Boy” is a very good story, but why do you not have more stories? The cuts and poems at the bottom of the pages add much to the attractiveness of your magazine. The Department that describes all the different courses is an excellent one and is a fine idea. The advertising of the Junior Play is a fine piece of work and deserves praise. On the whole, yours is a good magazine.

Athletics

Our football season closed with our defeat at Chapel Hill, being beaten by Charlotte 13 to 0. Even if we were beaten we have the satisfaction of knowing that Charlotte had no “walk-over”. Our team fought hard until the final blast of the whistle. We were handicapped by the loss of Captain Crute and L. H. B. Davis in the first quarter. The “scrubs” who went in to take their places showed Charlotte that the W.-S. H. S. would have another team next year that will be hard for them to beat, and most likely fortune will be with us then. The line held like a stone wall and fought like tigers all the game, but they could not keep the C. H. S. team from scoring their touchdowns. We are proud of our team for their splendid work throughout the football season and also of our coach, Mr. P. L. Wright, who by his faithfulness made the team what it was.

Our basketball season closed in a way similar to the football season. We were defeated by Durham in the championship game by the score of 15 to 10. The team had a hard game with Greensboro the night before, and in spite of this they gave Durham such

a "scrap" that it will be long remembered by those players of the D. H. S. The D. H. S. supporters held their breath until the whistle blew, for they did not know at what moment our quint would snatch the championship from them. The whistle blew too soon for us to beat them. We have played Durham for the championship for the past four years and have gone 50-50. We won it the first and third years, while Durham won it from us the second and fourth years. In these two years D. H. S. in the former beat us only one point and in the latter by five points. Every person should be proud of their basketball team this year. It is hard to get a quint like the Pulliam-Connolly-Brandon-Davis-Crute formation in any school. The following scores will show us how they have made a name for themselves:

W.-S. H. S. 83, Huntersville 17.
W.-S. H. S. 49, Greensboro 19.
W.-S. H. S. 24, Y. M. C. A. 18.
W.-S. H. S. 25, Greensboro 24.
W.-S. H. S. 81, Spencer 18.
W.-S. H. S. 31, Statesville 15.
W.-S. H. S. 58, Statesville 26.
W.-S. H. S. 2, Charlotte 0 (forfeited).
W.-S. H. S. 2, Lenoir 0 (forfeited).
W.-S. H. S. 23, Greensboro 17.
W.-S. H. S. 10, Durham 15.
W.-S. H. S. 388, Opponents 109.

We had our first baseball practice March 10th, and from the number who reported for duty we expect to again compete for State honors. Manager Davis has several games and there is every reason to believe that we shall have a successful baseball season.

R. B. Crawford & Co.

Quality Foods

Phones 87—88—312

"Something Good to Eat All the Time"

BLACK MARIA

The Queen of all Cooking
and Grate Coals is at your
service at all times by
simply phoning 14 or 15

CRYSTAL ICE COMPANY

"Sell Black Maria Coal"

Auld Class Pins and Rings

Designed exclusively for discriminating
classes who put quality ahead of price

THE D. L. AULD COMPANY

Manufacturing Jewelers

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Official Jewelers to Classes of Winston-Salem

City High School

The Winston-Salem Morris Plan Bank

MASONIC TEMPLE

Corner Fourth and Trade Streets

**We Loan Money at Legal Rates of Interest
Our Plan Makes It Easy for the Borrower to Repay
Character Is the Basis of Credit**

Geo. W. Coan, President

Robt. C. Norfleet, V.-President

G. W. Coan, Jr., Sec.-Treas.

Use Only **Mazda Lamps**

To Light Your Homes

**The Best and
Most Economical
Light**

Southern Public Utilities Co.

Office: Corner Main and Third Streets

If it's economy you want in a Motor Car
you should buy a

Chevrolet

The Low-Priced, Fully Equipped Car
Price \$685 f. o. b. factory

Valve in head motor. Average 25 miles
to a gallon gasoline

UNIVERSAL AUTO COMPANY

Distributors, Winston-Salem, N. C.

*DEMAND the genuine, with the Star on
the heel—and you will be satisfied—Because—*

“Star Brand Shoes Are Better”

They Cost LESS per Month

For Sale by

Vernon Grocery Company

12 E. Fourth St., Opposite City Market

Photographs
*The Gift
for Commencement*

Russell & Moses Studio

Over Elmont Theatre

Lashmit's **Shoes**—That's all

D. G. CRAVEN CO.

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR CASH STORE

Winston-Salem, N. C.

FLOWERS

OF QUALITY

W. MORGENROTH

Florist—118 W. 4th St.

CUT FLOWERS

Guaranteed Freshness

432 N. Liberty **WESTBROOK'S** Phones 842—843

THE PHOENIX CAFE AND BAKERY

*THE MOST UP-TO-DATE LUNCH
PRIVATE DINING ROOMS*

French Pastry and Pies to Take Out

PHONE NO. 340

CHARLIE WING

"We Do All White People's Work"

211 SOUTH MAIN STREET

WINKLER'S BAKERY

We Baked for Your Grandmother. Why Not You?
Established 1800 325 South Main St.

R. C. SPAUGH, Proprietor

HINE'S SHOES

Wear Longer

Because they are

Fitted Properly

"GET IT AT WATKINS"

***APPROPRIATE GIFTS
for COMMENCEMENT***

WATKINS BOOK STORE

—SEE—

HENRY ROSE COMPANY
FOR YOUNG MEN'S AND BOYS'
NOBBY SUITS

HENRY ROSE COMPANY

Corner Trade and Fifth Streets

VISIT POLITE'S CANDY KITCHEN

For purest Home-made Candies

Ice Cream and Choice Fruits

114 West Fourth St. - - - - Winston-Salem, N. C.

EAT PEERLESS ICE CREAM

Trade-Mark Registered

1016 S. Main St.

'Phone 1313

J. T. JOYNER'S CASH STORE

Trade St., Opposite Postoffice

Your dollar goes farther

HOPKINS-LANDQUIST DRUG CO.

DRUGGISTS

TELEPHONE 159

"ON THE CORNER"

Leak-Cobb Company

Real Estate Exclusively

Winston-Salem

North Carolina

THE "FERRIS CORSET" WAIST

STARTS THE GIRL IN FIGURE DEVELOPING
It Supports, Yields and Yet Is Not Binding
On Sale at the Corset Store

ROSENBACHER & BRO.

WHY NOT LIVE COMFORTABLE

Prepare now for next winter

There is no better time than now to install a furnace
CRAWFORD MILL SUPPLY CO.

BOUQUET JENICE TALCUM AND COLD CREAM

Two Delightful Necessities

For Sale Only at **O' HANLON'S**
The South's Greatest Drug Store

Telephone 1781

Opposite Zinzendorf

H. SILVERBERG

The Only Real Tailor in Winston-Salem

There's a Cafe on Fourth Street That You Should Know

Let's get acquainted. You would appreciate the service that we offer and appreciate our calling your attention to such a delightful place to eat

9 W. Fourth Street **CITY CAFE** L. CUMMINGS, Mgr.

MRS. T. W. HANCOCK'S

Headquarters for Ladies' Wearing Apparel and Madame
Grace Corsets and Millinery

Telephone 704

Cor. 4th & Elm Sts.

**Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Sporting Goods
and Hardware**

**ROBERTS HARDWARE AND
SPORTING GOODS CO.**

431 Liberty St.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

WHEN HAVING
Plumbing or Heating done
Do Not Experiment

—CALL—

L. B. BRICKENSTEIN

In Starbuck Building

Phone 57

Liberty St.

BUILD YOUR HOME

With material and advice from those
who know how to give you the best



Let Us Consider
the Plans for
Your New House
You Will Get Results

Fogle Bros. Co.
Phone 85

You Can Study Better

If Your Room
is Kept Warm
with a

"Hot Spot"

GAS
ROOM-HEATER

*Get One Today—
the Cost is reasonable*

THE GAS CO.

Main Street

Telephone 52

IDEAL DRY GOODS CO.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Millinery, Dry
Goods, Notions, Etc.

Trade Street - - - - Fourth Street

North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering, West Raleigh

An institution where young men of character, energy and ambition may fit themselves for useful and remunerative work in many lines of industry which require training and skill for success. Thorough and practical four-year courses are offered in Agriculture; Horticulture; Animal Industry; Civil, Mechanical, and Electrical Engineering; Agricultural Chemistry; Chemical Engineering; Dyeing and Textile Industry; numerous short courses. Twenty-seven buildings. Eighteen departments. Military features. Large Library. Excellent Athletic field. Dormitory rooms for 560 students. For catalogue, illustrated circulars, and entrance blanks, write E. B. Owen, Registrar.

Boyles Bros. Co.

Trade Street
Winston-Salem, N. C.

*We Specialize
in Clothing
and Hats*



Boyles Bros. Co.

Trade Street
Winston-Salem, N. C.

For Your Next Pair of Shoes Come to
WIMBISH & WALKER'S

430 Liberty Street

Better Shoes for the Same Money

PARRISH DRY GOODS CO.

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Millinery, Dry
Goods and Notions

ALWAYS THE BEST FOR THE MONEY

When it's class you want in FOOT-WEAR look us up. We carry only the most up-to-date goods.

Walk-Over
Boot Shop

"Walk-Over Service"

Wm. WRIGHT, Jr., Manager

109 West Fourth Street . . . Winston-Salem, N. C.

Coca-Cola

Simply Delicious

—and so easily served

**Drink Coca-Cola
IN BOTTLES**



Salem Academy and College

Oldest Institution for the higher education of the Women
of the South

**SCHOOL OF MUSIC, DOMESTIC SCIENCE,
ART AND BUSINESS LEADING TO
DIPLOMA OR CERTIFICATE**

14 Units (4 year High School) required for Freshman Entrance

*"The ideal of this institution is the Christian
Education of Young Women"*

Spacious campus, modern dormitories, pure water, bracing
climate, health record unsurpassed

Faculty 65

Students Enrolled 600

Catalogue and Views upon Application

\$15

\$20

\$25

GREATEST CLOTHES VALUES IN AMERICA

From Maker to Wearer



No. 2 West 4th St.

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Factory: 801 to 807 Broadway, N. Y.

Branch Stores:

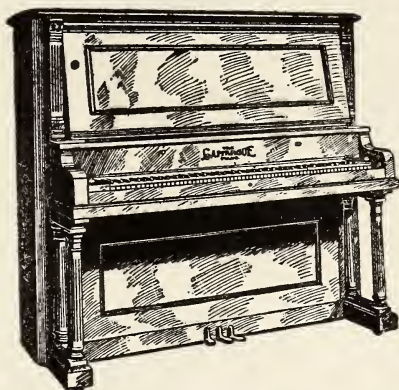
Asheville, N. C.
Columbia, S. C.
Charlotte, N. C.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Jackson, Mich.
Battlecreek, Mich.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Lansing, Mich.
Flint, Mich.
Passaic, N. J.
New York, N. Y.
Ft. Wayne, Pa.
Lancaster, Pa.
Allentown, Pa.

Who IS Trivers?

It is not an advertising story, but an absolute fact that this store is owned by Nathan Trivers & Brother, 801-7 Broadway, New York City. We manufacture our own goods. We have a large wholesale business and fourteen retail stores of our own, catering to over a hundred thousand patrons. This store was opened to create an outlet for the enormous output of New York factory, and we are satisfied with small profits.

**So buy your Clothes from TRIVERS and
save the retailer's profit of \$5 to \$10
on each garment.**



LAFFARGUE

Style V.	-	\$300
Style 6.	-	\$295
Other Styles		\$285

Everybody knows the Laffargue piano. It is recognized as the greatest piano value in the U. S. A.

BOWEN PIANO CO.

Phone 346

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Chero-Cola

*The Most Sanitary Drink
Made Today*

Pure
Wholesome
Refreshing



Clean
Sparkling
Inviting

Chero-Cola has made its way
by the way it is made

Winston-Salem Chero-Cola Bottling Company

**Chase Bros., Hackleys, Carlisles and
Player-Pianos**

Albin D. Lundy

Dealer in

FINE PIANOS THAT PLEASE

Terms to Suit

Easy Payments

517 N. Liberty Street

Telephone 1601

Winston-Salem, N. C.

Who is Who?

For Real Estate Satisfaction, Fire Insurance Protection, Rental Collections Sure,

A. V. Nash & Sons Co.

Stand Second to None in the City.

Barber Printing Co. **PRINTERS**

DIE STAMPERS :: ENGRAVERS

Telephone 234

219 Liberty Street

THE AEOLIAN-VOCALION

is the only real "Musical Instrument" in
the shape of a talking machine. Plays all
makes of records. With the Graduola, you
can play any record in any way you desire.

Ask for Demonstration

Sales and Display Booths at

Barber Photo Supply Store

108 W. 5th Street, Opposite Post Office

KODAK HEADQUARTERS

We carry a complete line of Eastman
Kodaks and Supplies for the amateur and
professional. Our developing and finish-
ing is the best to be had. Prices low.

Barber Photo Supply Company

W. W. STROUD, Manager

108 W. 5th St., Opposite P. O.